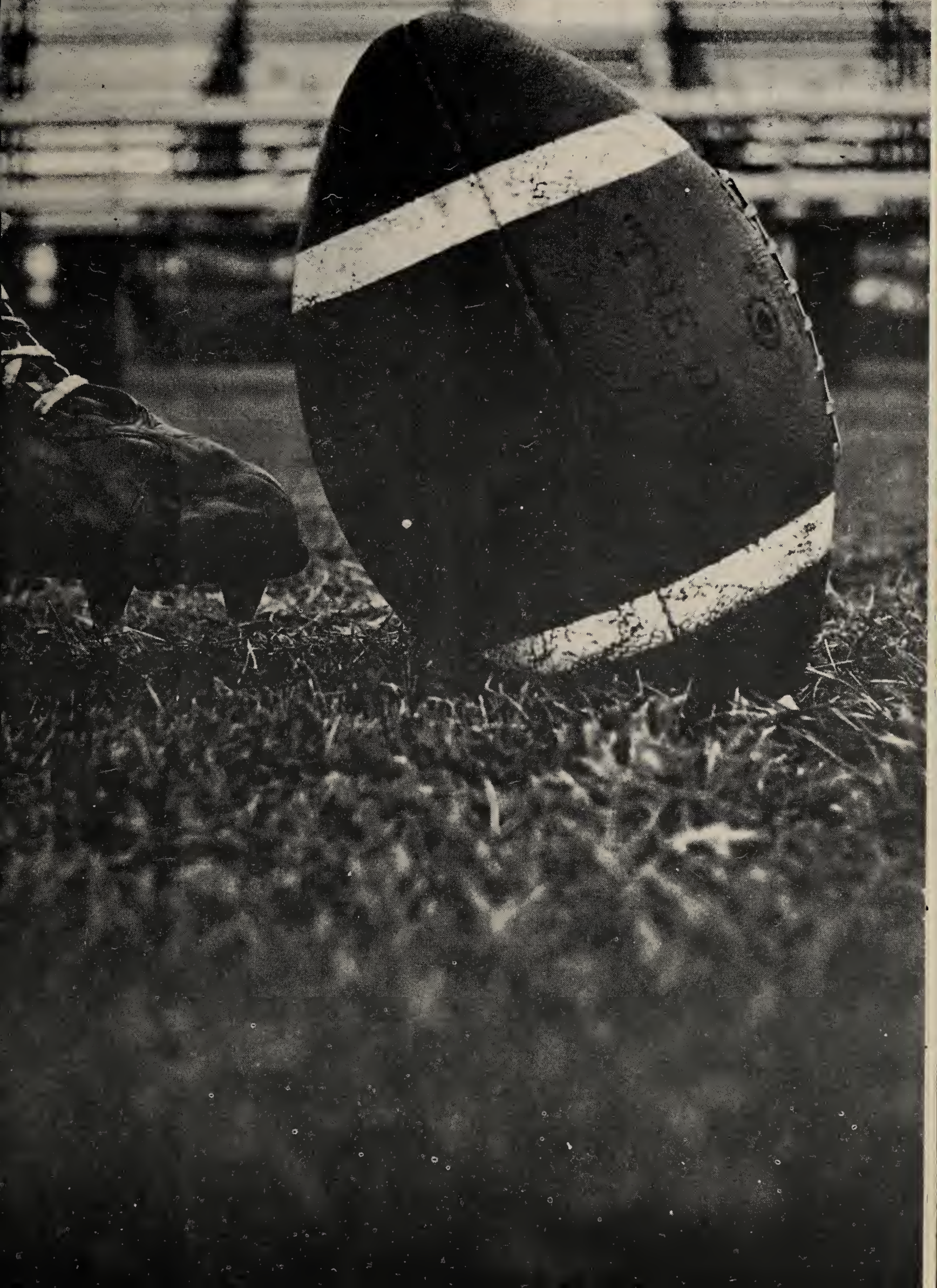


PULSE

1967 Fall



3/15
4-1

EDITORIAL

A quality which can either make or break a community such as the community in Xavier Hall is that of being able to work together as one unit. At Brunnerdale there are four classes and therefore four different age levels. Many differences can be seen between the senior who has lived in community life away from home for four years and the freshman who has just left home. It is very hard for a senior class to work together with a freshman class and really accomplish any common goal. There is not near as much division between the classes at Brunnerdale as there was four years ago, but still it is there. Many advances have been made at Brunnerdale in the past year so that the classes are united more closely to each other as a "family".

At Xavier Hall the classes are not divided nearly as much as the senior and freshman classes were at Brunnerdale. Probably the main reason for this is that there are only two classes living in Xavier. Everyone is in pretty much the same age group--not four years apart. The two classes in Xavier seem to be able to work very well together towards a common goal. This can be noticed in this very paper. LUSE. We all have heavy schedules and do not want to be around looking for extra work, but in assigning thirteen LUSE articles, I was not turned down once. Everyone wrote that I asked him to write.

After a group of people live together for a few years they start to get their dislikes for each other's habits and idiosyncrasies. The same goes for two classes even in the religious community. After the two classes in Xavier Hall have lived together for a few months they will begin to find things that they don't like about each other. This is only natural. I believe that if we all anticipate this problem before it comes, with a mutual effort we should be able to have a fine year this year as one happy "family."

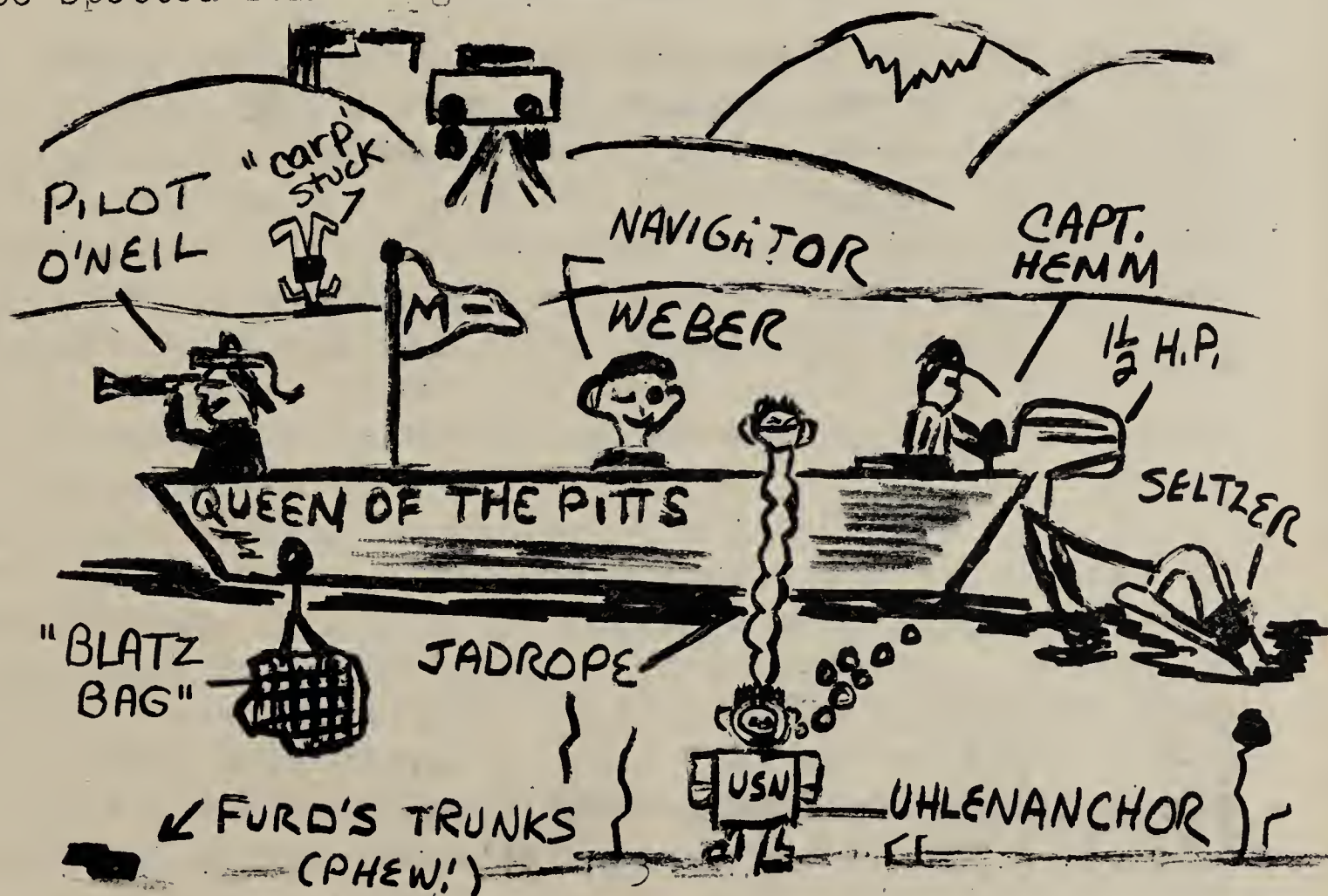
ABANDON SHIP!!



The "pitts of the Rensselaer Sand and Gravel Company" have seen a recent outburst of Mongie naval activity. With a craft reclaimed from the "Holy Land" and a motor from Hemm's Aquatic Marine (Piqua, O.) the Mongies are off to another new venture.

After spending about a week in making their boat seaworthy, the Mongie sailors were ready to try it out. The craft was christened "Queen of the Pitts" with the traditional breaking of the bottle. Susie Jones was scheduled to do the honors but she couldn't make it and was replaced by Sheila Rath. As the boat slid into the water, it kept right on going--down! As all good captains do, Tim Hemm went down with his ship. Luckily the water was only one fathom, or in terms of the layman, six feet deep.

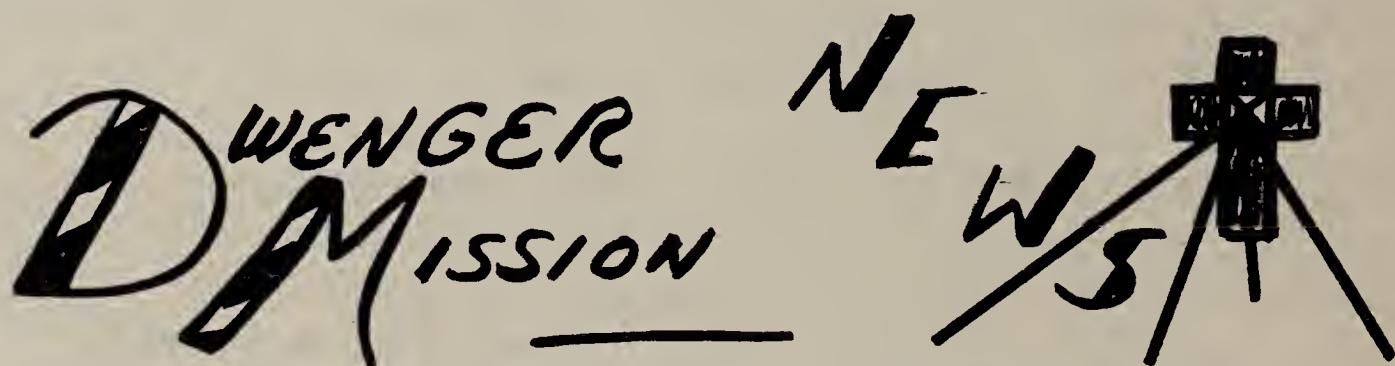
After another week of repatching the patches they were ready to try again. This time they were successful. On the maiden voyage the crew sighted two whales off the port bow. Oddly enough, they looked like "Scorch" and "Bert." They also spotted something that looked like a mermaid.



Tom Schmelter said that he wanted to try his hand--rather his feet at water skiing. Tim revved up his 1½ horse twinrude and gave Tom a brief ride.

There are plenty of volunteers to help keep the boat in good condition, such as Bill Kunisch, who bails the six inches out every hour. John Jadrope and Brad Uhlen anchor team up and do a fine job of keeping the boat moored. Dan O'Neil, with his many years of river experience has volunteered his services as co-pilot. Paul Weber is the chief navigator. Craig Cahoon offers his services in all the boat shows as a stunt man. (It comes naturally for him.) Craig leaves us one word of advice about riding in the boat, "Watch out for the carp!"

A. Lettig



Another school year brings another Dwenger Mission Unit year. I said Dwenger Mission Unit not Berlini Mission Unit. If we, the members, put interest and enthusiasm into the mission unit, success will follow. If we attend meetings without the least bit of enthusiasm, failure is inevitable. More than just the success of a mission unit is at stake here. If proper enthusiasms and vitality are generated, strong leaders for the Church of tomorrow will be molded. If we think of the tremendous potential of the D.M.U., we will not pass up the opportunity to actively partake in its work. If we consider the D.M.U. as a positive step in our preparation for the priesthood we will eagerly devote time and energy to its development. The D.M.U. can and should hold such a position in our formation. If it does not, we may as well disband the entire unit and forget the whole thing. If we just stop and think a minute of how vital the D.M.U. can be in our lives, we will not hesitate a minute to work together in the unit. So as this new year gets rolling, I ask you to consider the Dwenger Mission Unit with an open

mind and put the amount of work into it that you see fit in proportion to the unit's worth. I think that you'll find it's worth a great deal.

A. O'Reilly



The year, 1966; the day, May 14; the time, 8:30 P.M.; the place, a little, out of the way room somewhere in the basement of a massive building on SJC campus. The atmosphere is set for the ending of another battle in the Mongies's D.O.U. organization. For two consecutive weeks, a hand-picked few had been battling it out for leadership. Now, the decisive, all important votes are being cast, the new leaders being determined. After two ballots were cast, the four candidates for the primary head of this organization, Ken Shanabruch, John Wicker, Andy O'Reilly, and Paul Weber, are quickly dwindled down to two, J. Wicker and A. O'Reilly. The final votes are being counted. Andy O'Reilly wins. The president's number one man is next in the line-up of elections. The present officials are counting the ballots. Only a plurality is needed for this office. Jim Evans becomes the new vice-president over his opponent, Craig Cahoon, by a slim margin of two votes. The official "book-ie" of this group is now being decided between Russ Groblewski and a dark horse can-

didate, David Popovits, whom the extreme radicals are backing. Every slip is being tallied. Though the dark horse fought a good battle, Russ Groblewski wins by a solid majority. The fight now focuses on the all important "money handler." Both opponents, Tom Fossum and Jim Burnett, are capable men, yet only one may have the job. Again, only a plurality is needed; and Jim Burnett gets that plurality, though it is a slim one of only seven votes. The leader of the labor gang of this organization, Don Link, is chosen by acclamation. Mr. Link must have had some mighty fine publicity to not even have an opponent. During the following summer, however Mr. Link resigned from his post. The staff of PULSE joins the student body in wishing the new officers of the D.H.U. a very successful year.

M. Jurek



Do you realize that I sat at my desk for almost two hours trying to write this c

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o fake! I was just sitting there with my Thorndike Sorn-
port Comprehensive Desk Dictionary (new revised edition,
not knowing where to start.

I glanced at my paperback rack thinking perhaps I could
be inspired. What do I see first? None other than Hotluck
bookery by-you guessed it-Beverly Pepper. A real sneezy
book! Then I saw The Rabbi-a book which I really got jewed
on. Oh yes, and then a book which "Tiern" gave me entitled
All it Sleep. There's a book here "Arhms" wants to read

(as soon as messy gets done) called Fido. Then my eyes laid sight upon Greek Philosophy Thales to Aristotle. Right then it hit me - a soggy eraser thrown by mother ever-s oldest son - Paul. As I rcked in uncontrollable pain my groping fingers became entangled in my desk fan (moved by Rich Chenevy). Oh smarts!!

Calmed at last, with freshly bandaged fingers I shall carry on.

Jan Rogers pointed out that next year there will be no sixth or fifth-years. -- e will be at the novitiate. One hobby badge coming right up.

Popovits is really quite a swimmer. He visits all the dives in town. By just yesterday a few of his secular friends acquainted him with the St. Joe pond. He could be seen pointing frantically to his "Holy Postulancy" jacket and screaming "I'm a dip, I'm a dip!!" those sec-ies must be dips.

-Remember Paul Larveys comments!-

Speaking of getting wet...the Jan kid, Freddy ofstetter was so afraid of returning to Xavier, wet after playing basketball that he asked if he could drive one of the cars over!

-a conversation with IRA-

"Hiaminsky, how are you?"

"Tweet, tweet, tweet, too too, tweet."

"Yea, he was pretty rough in Latin last year."

"Tweet...ah...tweet...ah...hoo white?"

"Oh yea, he's one of the best for economics!"

I just heard that the military is moving the entire fort of Camp Atterbury to St. Joe's Electric Shop. They figured since the kitchen, showers, lockers, pipes and garbage were there they might as well put the soldiers there too!!

For our shut-in friends (novices) we present the Mercer County Hospital report by Justin line:

George Hamlin received a cut on his left arm while tearing down a chicken coop. He is expected to be able to play in the upcoming softball classic.

Bobby Zimmerman was admitted to this hospital with burns from the waist up. Fred probably wanted another "match."

Mike Simon is in the neurology ward with infectious-gargantia (garbage in the knee).

The emergency ward has just reported that George "Baby Ruth" Hamlin has been severely injured while legging out a triple, only to be called OUT at the plate. George cut his hand but let it bleed for 25 minutes while he argued with the umpire.

Fred Hoying lost three teeth while taking his foot out of his mouth.

Larry Gowney suffered cuts to his lower lip while chewing the top of a "pull-top" beer can.

Dick Chenevey—released—after being treated for lacerated hand suffered while moving the floor fan.

I'd like to end this week's, month's, year's column by printing my favorite saying. It ranks high with such famous sayings as "save me a shower," "hi students," and "oswando googlio." It is:

"FIGHT: Physical Fitness"

b. uhlenhake

The sounds of Greek class...

"How would you explain the use of the indirect discourse john.....Mencsik?"

NEW TROOPS

It was an exciting day for the sixth-years on September, fourth when the freshmen arrived. Yes, the long awaited day had finally come. Some were so excited to see the freshmen that they stood at the front door waiting with eager anticipation.

The freshmen represent many states including California, Mississippi, Kansas, Virginia, and Kentucky. Many important cities are also included, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton, and Toledo. All arrived safely, even though many had a difficult time finding Rensselaer.

Going directly to the students, here are a few comments about Xavier Hall. "There is a family spirit," said one. Another said, "You are on your own." Many of the students said plainly, "I like it." When asking some students what they didn't like about it, many couldn't think of anything. One individual did say this, "I think the freshmen at Brunnerdale had better lockers." I wonder if he was hinting about the "Orange Crates"?

On the whole the freshmen are very proud of St. Joe's, and are very happy to live here. By the way this article was written before classes began.

R. Fortman

SENIOR ☒ ELECTIONS

I would like to begin this article by expressing my, appreciation to John Mencsik and Dean Schraufnagel for doing such a fine job of leading our class this past year. They deserve our sincere thanks for doing such a fine job.

This year's election for class president began with eleven candidates. The votes were widely scattered. John Mencsik received the most votes, but withdrew from the running. Then the two highest candidates were voted upon. Craig Cahoon received a substantial amount of votes to top his opponent, John Wicker. Craig Cahoon now reigns as the sixth president of our class. The votes were also widely scattered for the vice-presidency but in the end Bill Kunisch was victorious. Good luck to this year's class officers.

Don Jerwers

THE PROFS.

The beginning of the 1966-67 school year here at St. Joseph's brought the appearance of fourteen new faculty members. Within this number there are twelve full-time teachers, including a visiting professor and two part time teachers.

First of all there is Mr. Thomas Euckingham, Ph.D., who is a lecturer in economics. He received his degree at Purdue University. Another lecturer in economics is Mr. Atif Kubursi, Ph.D., who also received his degree at Purdue. Both of these men are part time teachers. Mr. John Hancock, M.A. and Mr. Carl H. Mills, M.A., Ph.D., are the new assistant professors of English. The former received his Masters at the University of Illinois and the latter at New York University and the University of Nebraska. Mrs. Carole J. Womelsdorff, M.A. fills in as a new instructor of English. She obtained her Masters from Hardin-Simmons University. This completes the list of new English teachers.

Next is the only new assistant professor of philosophy, Mr. John N. Deely, M.A., who studied for his Masters at Aquinas Institute. Mr. David Hoover, M.A., is the new instructor of history. He got his degree at the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Carlyle Hume, M.M. is the new assistant professor of music. He obtained his degree at Indiana University. Mr. G. Robert Kasky, M.B.A., C.P.A., is the new instructor in accounting. He received his first degree (M.B.A.) at Indiana University and his second (C.P.A.) at the State of Illinois. The new instructor in biology is Mr. Charles B. Mack, M.S., who got his Masters at Ball State University. Mr. Donald Reichert, Ph.D., received his degree from Ohio State University and is the new associated professor of education. Mr. James G. Roseland, M.B.A., is the new instructor in finance and got his degree from the University of Illinois. The new assistant professor of political science is Mr. Clayton A. Womelsdorff II, M.A., and he obtained his Masters (political science) at Baylor University and (economics) at Hardin-Simmons University. And finally there is Mr. Kenneth Sawodny, who is the new visiting professor and is the director of computer facility.

S. Malatesta

To the Races?



"Goin' to the stocks tonight?"

"Sure man, ya' got the truck?"

"Don't know, Brother Larry caught Hessie painting numbers on it today."

"Aw, Hessie'll get it. Brother Larry hasn't got anything to worry about. They don't allow trucks to race."

"Just so Father Ruschau doesn't find out."

"Yeah, keep it low when ya' get the gang together."

Tires squeal and a stock "Chev" roars as Hessie rounds "dead man's curve" behind the faculty building. Ca-Hoon, Hemmihead, Rip, Niles, Uhlenhaker, Seltzer and the whole gang wait for the black panel truck to screech to a stop. With down-shifting, brake stomping, and a little shoe leather, it stops. After the flying cinders subside and the dust clears away, everyone piles in.

"Hey Hessie, take it easy, man!"

"Well, we gotta get there. The time trials already started."

"Did Brother Larry give you any trouble?"

"Naw, he's all right man. Just said to be careful. Say, almost hit Father Ruschau's big bad Buick. He had it parked on the curve".

"Goll, that's a bad place. How'd ya' miss it?"

"Just turned the wheel and closed my eyes."

"What's all this fuzz back here?"

"Looks like horse hair to me."

"Hey, watch it on the turns, Hessie! Ya' put everybody on one side of the truck with that last one."

"Sorry 'bout that."

The black truck with five fairly well dressed men in the back creates a mobile spectacle in Rensseltucky, especially at the town traffic light where all three gears show their incompetence for drag racing. Through town in a minute, due

to the delay of the light, the truck gains speed on a highway traversing the great plains of Indiana.

"Looks like the racine grounds up ahead."

"How far?"

"Oh, about a mile or two. Right at the end of this cornfield."

"Look at the line of cars! Clear out onto the highway."

"There'll probably be lots of people there tonight."

"Yeah, you know what one Rensseltucky hick said to the other Rensseltucky hick?"

"No, what?"

"Y'all goin' to the stock car races tonight?" (a-ha)

Creeping forward, the truck finally reaches the ticket man. The old gentleman, undoubtedly a native, hesitantly approaches the truck, but his step quickens as the engine begins to race. The driver's window goes down.

"How much for a truck load? A dollar seventy-five?"

"Lope. One dollar and twenty-five cents a-piece."

"There are seven of us."

"Lemme see. Yep, yore right. That'll be ten dollars."

"How do you figure?"

"Didn't. Just guessed. Y'all look smart enough to finger yore own. Bounded good though."

"Yeah, -for you. Here's your dough."

"Thanky very much."

After parking the truck in the right place for a quick exit, everyone stumbles out and heads for the grandstands. The dirt track forms an oval and the place where the cars are kept, the "pits", has a road that meets the oval at a tangent. The freshly watered track provides some spectacular slides during the time trials, but eventually the hot rubber tires press the damp ground into a hard and dry surface. The grandstands are covered, and offer the best seats, but they usually fill up three hours before the races begin with easier enthusiasts and their families. The other seats compare in comfort and sturdiness with those of the renowned football stadium of Saint Joseph's College. Little more needs to be said.

A few "greasers" really open one's eyes, especially the "cool cats" who have their cigarettes tucked in, the perspiration-soaked sleeves of their t-shirts. Otherwise, the crowd consists of ordinary, simple, innocent, country-raised adistics. Nothing could be more memorable and satisfying

for these people than to see the entire line of cars crash into a heap and explode into a gasoline fire.

Whole families come. Children run around eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and drinking cups of Coca-Cola for their dinner. Women gather in circles to discuss anything from the crops to their sons' work on stock cars. The men sit together cleverly drinking out of a popcorn box. The box actually hides a can of beer which of course the police cannot see, but it requires the imagination of a three year old to realize that not all of those men are eating popcorn.

Surprisingly, however, most of the people dress fairly well, and the conduct in the stands demands the utmost of politeness for those sitting nearby. A sort of sympathy for one another stirs among the crowd, as everyone must endure the flying dirt clods, stones, and eye-watering dust. The police do not tolerate the slightest signs of disorderly behavior in the stands. With children running about and the picnic atmosphere of the grounds, an almost family-like feeling keeps the crowd peaceful and pleasant.

The time trials last two and a half hours, the races one and a half. The announcer keeps yelling over the public address system, a speaker on a flagpole, to hurry up the qualifications, but none of the drivers seem to be in any rush. Some of them qualify two or three times, depending on how good of a friendship they have with the timer. Finally the time trials end and everyone claps as the announcer begins.

"Welcome y'all to Rensseltuck Raceway. Got some fine races comin' up to--night with the twenty-five lap feature event of last week's races, on account of it got rained out plus the twenty-five lap feature event of this week. Now fer the ferst race."

The same old cars, under 1953 vintage by track rules, lumber out in just a little worse shape than they did the week before. Everyone knows the drivers by name, and those in the crowd who are related to a driver by some twig or bud in their family tree, sit proudly beaming at "their" car. Pondering the aspects of a double twenty-five lap race, the crowd realizes that now many cars will last until the second race, because the mechanics have only ten minutes to repair what usually requires a week.

A small race of eight cars begins, as the old and battered traffic light, probably stolen from some neighborhood town, flashes green. The cars almost hit the dancing flagman as they roar by. Almost out of the first turn, the cars careen wildly against each other. Sparks fly. Engines die. Mechanics cry. Defying the announcer's order to stay in the pits, the pit crews flood the track and swarm about the cars performing such necessary mechanical work as kicking the tires, wiping the windows and leaning on the fenders. Grecker trucks drive everywhere, reaching stalled cars just as their engines start. The excitement of the crowd dulls to ominous murmurings against the judges as the red flag signals a restart. **"...pit crews flood the track..."**



So the races continue but with notable exceptions. Cars fly off the track, crash, somersault and roll. The drivers always emerge unhurt and receive a big applause as well as five dollars for each flip.

The kiddies cheer their fathers to victory. Even the others enter onto the scene, as they exchange children for crash helmets before the women's races. At half time the kiddies race little home-made push cars with their father's numbers proudly painted on them. Sometimes children receive the thrill of rounding the track in a racing car with their favorite stock car driver. A child, asked at half time as to what he wants to be when he grows up, eagerly replies, "A stock car driver."

The first twenty-five lap feature race proves to be very exciting. A series of "pile-ups" in the beginning and a fast "neck to neck" finish comprise the essence of a good stock car race. Everyone cheers as the winning driver speeds around the track with the checkered flag, and a child in the stands joyously cries out as he realizes it was his uncle who finished first. The second big race, as predicted, has few entries which make for less accidents, but ends quite dramatically as the two "hottest" drivers, racing side by side, slam into each other at the finish line in a last effort to break the tie.

After the races the black truck, fully loaded, roars out into a mile waiting line. Shouts, jeers, and drag racing challenges echo everywhere, especially from the recently enthused occupants of the truck. The policeman at the gate takes a long look, as the burdened down truck groans in a gasping effort to accelerate onto the highway. Eventually gaining speed, the truck rolls along while its passengers, for reasons unknown even to themselves grow anxious as to whether they will be able to go to the "stocks" next week.

D. O'Neil

— B.P. CHIEF —

On April 24, 1922, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Grevenkamp became the proud parents of a baby boy. Mr. and Mrs. Grevenkamp's infant child was baptized Raymond M. Grevenkamp in St. Mary Help of Christians" Church at Fort Recovery, Ohio.

Raymond Grevenkamp entered Brunnerdale Seminary in September, 1936. He graduated from Brunnerdale in the spring of 1939, and entered

St. Joseph's College in the fall of the same year. He finished his training at St. Joseph's College in 1942 and went on to St. Charles Major Seminary, Carthage, Ohio that September.

Raymond Grevenkamp ordained a priest in the Society of the Precious Blood, on March 22, 1949. Father Grevenkamp's first appointment was to St. Joseph's

Parish and Missions in Colfax, Louisiana, where he served as assistant pastor. Three more years later Father Grevenkamp was transferred to St. Joseph's, Missouri where he again served as an assistant pastor, at St. James Parish. In the August appointments of 1953 Father Grevenkamp was assigned to St. Elizabeth Hospital in Dayton, Ohio, where he held the post of assistant chaplain for nine years. He was then transferred to St. Mary's Novitiate where he served as Master of Brother Postulants. In 1964 Father Grevenkamp became Director of Senior Brothers and Director of the Junior Brothers formation program and Master of Brother Postulants at St. Joseph's College. Along with these duties, Father Grevenkamp is chairman

of the Brother Postulants at the Mission Secretariat in Washington, D.C.

With the grace of God, Father Grevenkamp will serve many more beneficial years in the Society of the Precious Blood.

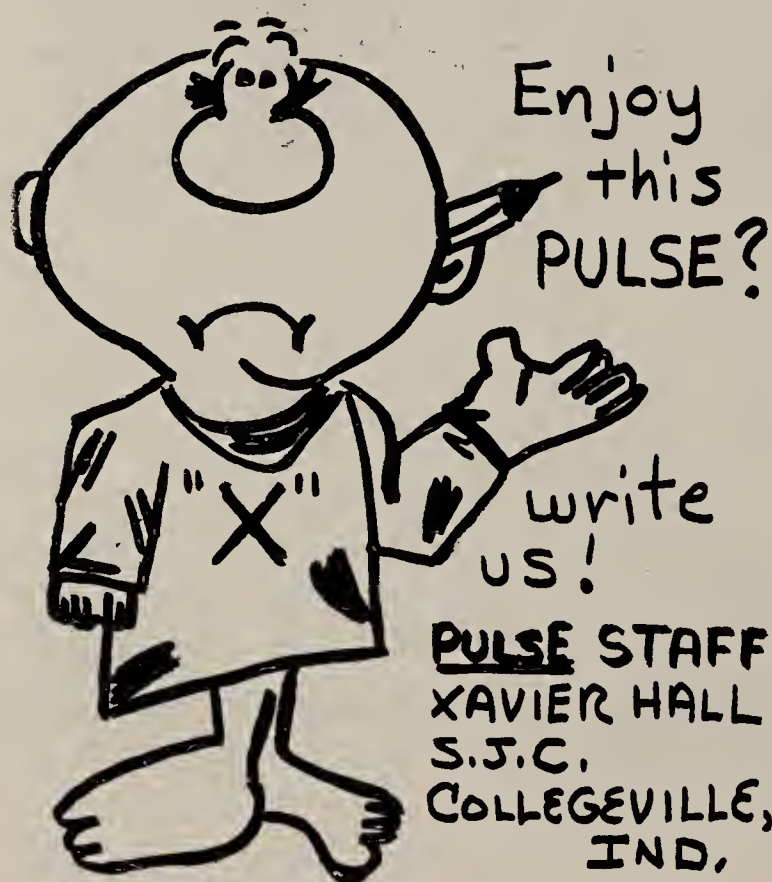
FROSH PICK ☒

On September 8, the fifth year students held their elections for class president and vice-president. Steve Herniak was elected president on the third ballot. The first two ballots were unable to produce the necessary 2/3 majority for any of the candidates. On the third ballot the number of candidates was reduced to two, Steve Herniak and Terry Lothamer. The winner was then decided by plurality. Steve received 26 votes to Terry's 19.

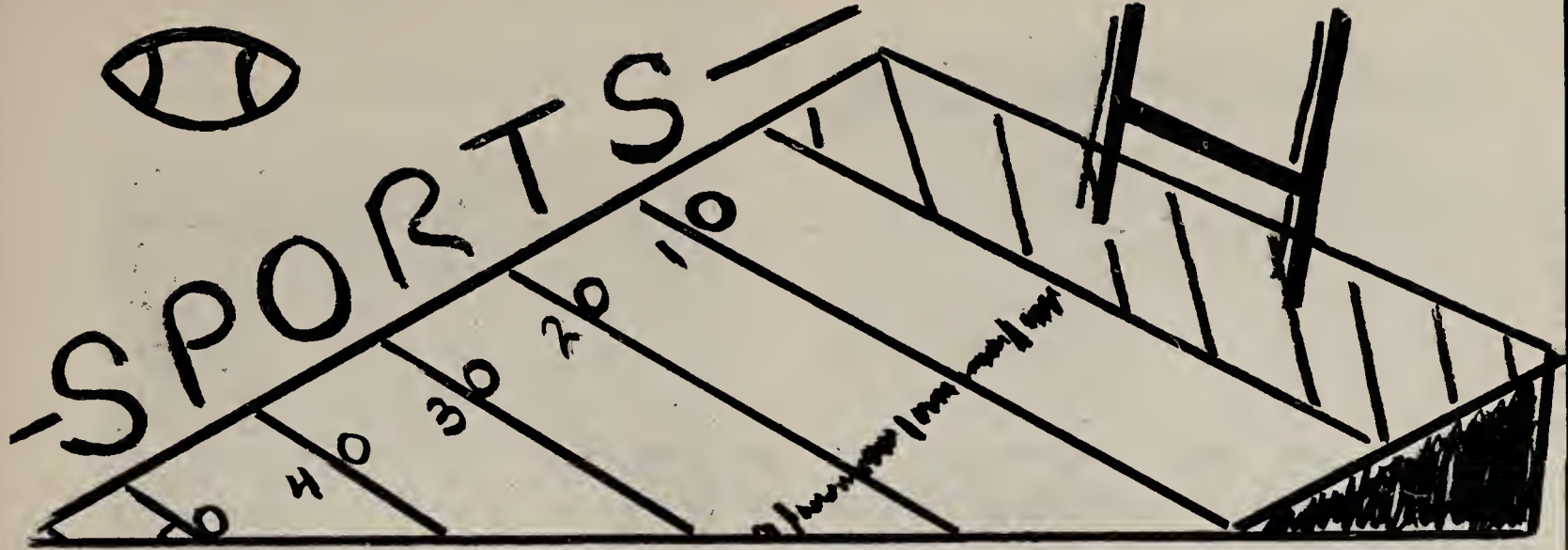
The race for vice-president was another plurality vote on the third ballot. Again Terry Lothamer was in the running but could not round up enough votes to bring down Jim Evans. Jim received 27 votes to Terry's 19.

Congratulations Steve and Jim. We elected them, now it is up to us to support them.

R. Oser



PULSE STAFF
XAVIER HALL
S.J.C.
COLLEGEVILLE,
IND.



The softball season came to a close Sunday, September 4th. It all happened Sunday morning because of this certain fellow running around here who thought he was Jim Thorpe or somebody. He challenged the fifth-year class to a softball game. He thought that with the backing of the sixth-year class, he could show these rookies who is the better team. The sixth-year class backed him up but what can they do when the batters keep hitting the ball farther and farther? Steve Herniak added a little taste of his hometown team, the Pittsburgh Pirates, by hitting a home run. But the sixth-year class is used to it, they always had a problem beating the present fifth-year class, even at Brunnerdale. The final score was six to one. The veterans finally got a run after the rookies put in their third string pitcher. Sorry, John Hohman.

No real system has been set up yet concerning the Xavier athletic program. But in a few weeks, both the intramural teams and Xavier league teams will be in full swing. Right now Mongieville is only seen with pick-up football games.

The Saint Joseph's College method of playing football is a little odd for these new men to grasp this year, as it is every year. They still have the tendency to really smear the ball carrier, when it is only one-hand touch. They are also a little confused with the blocking. They just do not know if, when, who, or how they should block. But that all comes naturally after a few games.

Tryouts for the Xavier intramural football team were held on Thursday, September 15th, for all Xavier men who desired

MONGIE ARMY CONQUERS !!



Uhlenhake and Hemm
plan the attack.



The two captured
leaders shortly before
their end.



"The walls came
tumbling down,"

Things had been strangely quiet in Mongieville this past week. Odd as it may seem, everything was going quite well. The newly arrived troops were quickly adjusting themselves to the rigors of college life. Then it happened. An almost unbelievable event so shocking that it sent the Mongies reeling in fear and disorder.

One morning just after the 5:30 rising bell had brazenly awakened the slumbering Mongies, it happened. Henry Winter, a mild mannered farm boy from nearby Rensselaer, spotted them first. As he stumbled, weary eyed, down the back stairs he caught sight of a horrible spectacle. There on the plains of Gaspar stocked the advance elements of the Cardboard Invasion.

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Just what was going on? Was he still asleep? Rubbing his eyes and coming to the stark realization that in truth he was wide awake, he sounded the alarm. At full gait, running madly through the hall he alerted the Student Prince of the imposing danger. As grains of white Morton Salt pour from the container, so the Mongies ran to the attack. The Prince with the help of Tim Hemm formed up a volunteer column. Arriving at the motor pool, the Mongies clamored aboard the waiting vehicles. Zorba was occupied by the Mongie combat photographers and Hector (the troop carrier) was filled with the seasoned veterans of Mongieville. With Uhlenhake and Ebach in the lead jeep, the convoy moved out to do battle.

The plan of attack as formulated by Uhlenhake and Hemm seemed sound. They figured that if they could drive the invaders into the pond there it would end with the cardboard men dissolved. The Kongie Army lined up on stiff battle array in the back of the cloister. At the order they advanced. They drove the frightened intruders past the chapel and out toward the Saint Joe pond. The attack was carried out with fine precision until the retreating cardboard men halted and turned. The Kongies stopping only momentarily to regroup, with a shrill and piercing yell charged. The result was a scene so tragic that it can hardly be described. In two perfectly formed lines the troops were met by the awful fury of the invaders. Guns were found to be useless against these paper men. Backed up against the very edge of the pond, the cardboard giants put up a terrific fight, escaping only as a haze descended upon the battle scene.



Combat photographers Jim Evans and Jim Gaus obtained a picture of one of the giants just as he was about to smash down the walls of the administration building. Moments later one of the other monsters hurled Evans 1800 feet onto the puny football field. A field hospital was set up under the gum-yum tree. Litters of wounded troops were carried into the tent to be administered to by Brother Joe Mary. The medical corpsmen. The doctors worked feverishly and somehow managed to save all but Mike Tierney who expired with a bloody nose.



The army set up camp that night on the shores of the peaceful Iroquois. Guards were posted and the troops were fed by Sudy's Canteen Service. Under the glowing light of the silver moon the men tried to get some much needed sleep.

In the morning, a scouting party headed by John Wicker with Smurd of the Huge Gut as guide, set out in search of the enemy. Crouching low behind the tombstones in the ancient cemetery they spotted the Cardboard Army camped on the softball diamond. Reporting to the main column they summoned the Mongie Army. Uhlenhake conferred with the Student Council as to what plan of action should be followed. Wilbur suggested a head-on ssssscharge. The troops were lined up in the old trukey field. They silently crept across the seldom used cowpath and pulled up behind the hedge. The Cardboard Army formed up a column and headed toward Xavier to sack and loot. As they passed the hedge and the brown of their eyes could be seen, the Mongies struck. The paper men were driven some 200 yards and the action was broken off. The Mongies, after replenishing their ammunition supply, again took the offensive. The carnage was terrible. Wounded Mongie men dotted the verdant plain. The invaders fought with almost superhuman strength, but it was a losing cause. The Mongies surrounded them and resolutely put them down.

The two leaders, yellow as they were, gave up without so much as a shot. They were photographed and then bound and cased. The ongie Military Court convicted them of willful intent to disturb the peaceful populace of Onsieville. The sentence was death by fire. As children delighting in a fresh snowfall so the ongie heroes were overjoyed as the sentence was carried out in Xavier Park. The two leaders were nice enough and there was even some talk of letting them go free but after a sly comment of "top stooocents!" it was decided to inflict due punishment. As the flames leapt high a yell could be heard - "Want a 'hale?"



The highly elated ongies celebrated their victory with a riotous root beer party in the P. H. All of this was accomplished by 12:45 Wednesday - just in time to clean up the mess during work period.

B. Uhlenhake

HIGH LIGHTS

-- as seen and reported by mother Weber's oldest son, Paul

-- FOR RELEASE: as soon as Myrtle gets around to printing this trash

FLASH... Uhlenhake Chosen Student Prince

The election for Student Council president was held the night of September 8. On the third ballot, where only a simple majority of the vote was needed to win, the student body gave Brad Uhlenhake a large margin of victory over Aloys Ebach. The staff of FULSE joins the student body in wishing him a successful year in office. Congratulations, Brad!

Fr. Banet Begins the School Year with Mass

On Wednesday, September 14, Fr. Banet and four other priests concelebrated Mass in the St. Joseph fieldhouse. Despite a heavy downpour of rain that evening, most of the students and professors of the college attended the event. In his sermon Fr. Banet spoke about the college as a place where students should become interested in the problems of our times and become active in areas such as civil rights and the Peace Corps. Four priests distributed communion to a crowd of nearly one thousand. The Xavier schola with the help of Dr. Egan and Fr. Thomas sang two three-part hymns and one four-part hymn under the direction of Fr. Lawrence Weiman.

The New Liturgy

On the evening of September 9 Fr. Kostka met with us in the college chapel. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss the new liturgy for Sundays. Father explained that the participation at Mass on Sundays did not seem up to par to him or to any of the other priests on campus. He explained further that if we could go to the four Masses on Sunday (some to each Mass), we could give the lay students and other people a boost in participation. This plan is set to go into action September 18, the first Sunday that all the students are here. The last thing that Father brought up was that we will wear suits at Mass on Sundays, this will help us blend in better with the congregation.

Xavier Students to Receive I.D. Cards

The Xavier Troops March Again!

For over a month Mongies ate at Halleck Center because of repairs being made in the chapel cafeteria kitchen. Daily we made our way over for breakfast, lunch, and dinner--and back!

On September 14 we again went over to Halleck Center, but for a different purpose. This time we got our pictures taken individually for identification cards. This is the first year I.D. cards have been necessary for us, since we usually wear our cassocks to meals. But since we will be wearing suits on Sundays instead of cassocks, I.D. cards will be necessary to get through the cafeteria line.

Student Body Elects Various Commissioners

The newly elected student prince, Brad Uhlenhake, held the first student body meeting September 11th. The main purpose was to elect the minor officials for this year. The results are as follows: Al Ebach, I.M. Commissioner; Tom Surgei, Assistant I.M. Commissioner; Al Rettig, football commissioner; Steve Sinkovich, swimming commissioner; Chuck Liely, assistant swimming commissioner; and Russ Groblewski, park commissioner. Congratulations and good luck to all.

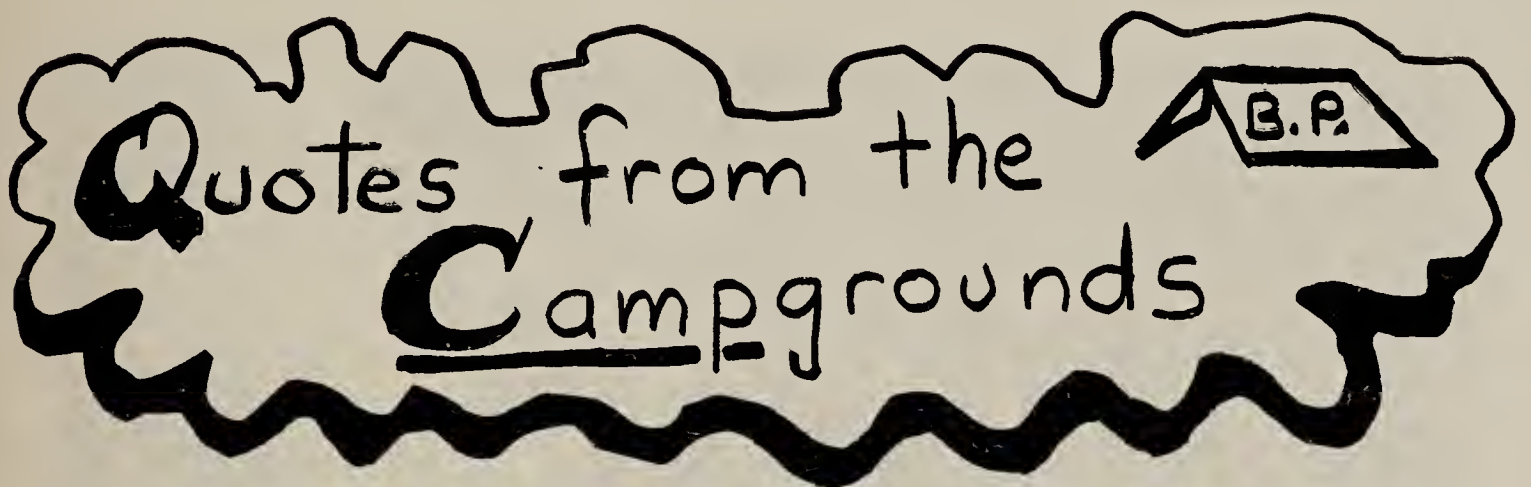
Large Number of Students in Xavier Hall

On September 4th Xavier Hall welcomed forty-seven new students, in addition to the twenty-nine sixth-years who were already here. The total now comes to seventy-six.

PULSE Room Due for Renovation

Last August a group of industrious monies moved a Model 1250 Multilith lithograph machine up the back chapel stairs to the room above the priest's oratory. The room in which this seven hundred pound miniarure printing press sits presently has only one 100-watt bulb in a globe hanging from the ceiling for illumination. Only one electrical outlet provides the office with power, most of which is drained off into "Myrtle," the lithograph machine. We suggest that our office be completely rewired for lights and electrical outlets, and also that a partition be erected between the office and the hallway. We hope that the office of this magazine will receive these improvements as soon as possible.

P. Weber



But Brother, Why Didn't You Become A Priest?

A question often brought up before brothers is no longer a question of a higher degree of vocation. We can speak of degree only when things are of the same kind. The priest's vocation is in a different order altogether.

In the consecration of a brother, it is the gift of himself to God that stands in the foreground. They are essentially different vocations. They are complementary, not opposed.

Which is the greater vocation? There is no answer. It is like trying to compare sound with color--it all depends on the point of view. From the practical point of view, our greatness in heaven will depend on one thing--the love with which we have fulfilled our vocation on earth, whether it be as a brother, priest, king, or beggar.

We never think of a brother's vocation as "less important," because love of God is the most important task of the Mystical Body. Our esteem for his vocation is as great as our esteem for man's gift of himself to God.

The brother views his own vocation and that of the priest as God views them. God gave different vocations because He wished to bestow greater perfection on His Mystical Body. God loves them both infinitely, because He sees in them their relation to the complete perfection of His Church.

News In the B.P. Section

This year we are pleased to introduce to all of you our new director, Fr. Raymond Grevenkamp. Father's long time interest in the Brotherhood Formation Program of our community makes us pleased and fortunate to have him here with us at St. Joe.

B.P. Moments to Remember

Sept. 14---One of our second year postulants was with malice, contempt, and barbaric insight, literally HURLED into our filthy pond.

D. Popovits

—NOTA—

The staff of the PULSE would like to express its sincere thanks to Mr. Richard Winter, the Saint Joe Lawn Gang men and Father Jim McKay for their kind help in putting this issue of PULSE on the newstands. Thank you!

(Sports cont. from p. 17)

to tryout. There were many willing members but unfortunately only thirteen may be on the team. A large group showed many skills and offered a lot of competition but someone had to make a decision. Three men, Al Rettig, Al Ebach, and Terry Lothamer were elected to choose thirteen men out of this large but eager group. I can truly tell you, it was a tough choice to make. After much debating, they chose the following: Mike Bornhorst, Al Ebach, Steve Herniak, Bill Kuhlman, Terry Lothamer, Pat McBride, Tom Missler, Jim Olszewski, Mike Floetz, Al Rettig, Ed Schafrath, Mike Smith, and Brad Uhlenhake.

Tug-of-War

Full, Full, Full! That was the rhythmic cry of the Mongie nation on September 21. It all happened around four o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The Mongie tug-of-war team, along with the majority of the hall members, assembled at the usual tug-of-war location, the pond. The I.H. tug-of-war was not too well represented this year. There were only about seven teams, so the Mongie team had little competition. The



ongies pulled three times with hardly any resistance from the other side of the pond. Of course, it would have taken a truck to pull the two thousand pounds that was on the angie's side of the rope. There was a lot of something here and I do not think it was all muscle. There was a lot of big stuff wiggling around on the rear end of the rope. Thanks to Fred for staying out of the pond this year. Thanks to the men on the side lines cheering and guiding the team to a winning finish. A mighty fine job team, keep up the good work through all the seasons.

A. Ebach

FALL) STAFF _____

OLD STAFF

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